

Mr. Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY UNITARIAN JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No 5.—VOL. XXII.]

MAY, 1878.

[NEW SERIES.—PRICE 1½d.

CURRENT NOTES.

Nothing gives more freshness to existence than the consciousness of being useful to others.

Our births and our deaths are but changes in the great life we are living—the life of immortality.

THERE is no path but will be easier travelled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness.

A PLAIN man said: "Before my conversion, when I prayed in the presence of others, I prayed to *them*; when I prayed in secret, I prayed to *myself*; but now I pray to God."

Is not the mind of childhood the tenderest, holiest thing this side of heaven? Is it not to be approached with gentleness, with love—yea, with a heart worship of the great God from whom, in almost angelic innocence, it has proceeded? A creature undefiled by the taint of the world, unvexed by its injustice, unwearied by its hollow pleasures. A being fresh from the source of light with something of its universal lustre in it. If childhood be this, how holy the duty to see that, in its onward growth, it shall be no other! To stand as watcher at the temple, lest any unclean thing should enter it.

EVERY one, however humble, is daily and hourly altering and moulding the character of all with whom he mingles, and exerting a power that will reproduce itself through countless generations. The truest method of doing good is thus first of all to be good; then the character will necessarily communicate good to others. An influence will always accompany true and right principles, while no effort without them can be successful. The sun could never make our planets shine, were it not itself luminous. A full surrender of the heart to duty and to God will make us partakers of His nature, and we shall as naturally communicate good to others as we receive it from Him.

HUMAN things must be known to be loved; but divine things must be loved to be known.

If you should happen to meet a friend in need, remember that you do not know how soon you may need a friend.

THE beginning of faith is action; and he only believes who struggles; not he who merely thinks a question over.

WHOEVER would be sustained by the hand of God, let him constantly lean upon it; whoever would be defended by it, let him patiently repose himself under it.

A WRITER in the *Christian Statesman* thinks that in order "to make a man of a boy," industry must be a part of his education. Along with mental and moral training, the parent should teach manual labour in a great variety of forms, should protect him from the absurdity that it is not honourable to work, should never impose a task too great for his strength, and *never let him give up before any difficulty*. As to the honourableness of work, this writer says, "If a boy sees his father work, he will never have any doubt upon the subject." And may we add, that few girls will ever grow up with hearty respect for house-work, or even with much knowledge of it, unless they share it with their mothers.

WE are not sure that Mr. Gladstone would like to be classed with Universalists, but the following expression of his faith certainly looks that way:—"Whatever we may think in this world, I believe that the Beneficent and Almighty Father who is above all, and who holds us all in His regard, and that His affection and His benevolence are not confined to a select few favoured by birth, by circumstances, or fortune; that with an exact justice, with an unbounded love, with an unsleeping providence, he follows every one of us in our career of life from the dawn of day to the dusk of evening, and in the silent hours of the night, from the cradle in which our first wail is heard to the grave in which we finally repose."

LEARNING HIS VALUE.

MR. MARCUS WILKINSON sat alone in his office, with a dainty little perfumed note between his fingers, and a puzzled frown upon his brow. The note, directed in a graceful and feminine hand, was brief:—

"DEAR GUARDIAN,—I will be at the office at ten in the morning, to consult you upon a matter of importance.

"MILLIE."

"A matter of importance," muttered Mr. Wilkinson, twisting the note nervously. "Can my fears be true? Has Cyril Ormsby proposed to my pearl? I am afraid he has. And what can I say? What can I urge against the man, if Millie's own instincts have played her false? Ten o'clock?"

The last silvery stroke of the mantel-clock had not died away when the door of the office was opened by a clerk, and Millie Bentley entered the room.

Just a few words to describe the ward of whom Marcus Wilkinson always thought as a pearl, a lily, everything pure and fair. She was of medium height, slender and graceful, with a face of exquisite beauty.

Very young, only eighteen, Millie Bentley had borne early the sorrows of life. Her father, having been wealthy, had failed in business, and committed suicide. Her mother, delicate and helpless, had fought poverty feebly for two years, and sinking under privation and toil, had contracted a fatal disease. When all hope of life was over, the news came that Millie's uncle, dying abroad, had left a large fortune to his only sister. A will was made by the dying woman, leaving her own too lately won independence to Millie, and appointing their old friend, Marcus Wilkinson, guardian to the heiress.

Sorrowing and womanly beyond her years, Millie had turned from her own grief to a noble endeavour to solace some of the trials of those with whom her own poverty had made her familiar. A cousin had come at Mr. Wilkinson's request to make a home for his ward, and she resumed many long-interrupted studies. But a large portion of her time was spent in the humble homes of those who had been her mother's

friends in the dark days of her widowhood; and her gentle charities soon extended far beyond this small circle.

She had been an orphan two years on the day when she came to seek Mr. Wilkinson, as already described, and the sorrows of life had lost some of their bitter sting, leaving only a gentle sadness behind.

"Well, Millie," the old gentleman said, "what brings to me the pleasure of seeing you to-day?"

"It is about myself," Millie said.

"Dear me! I didn't know you ever took such an insignificant person into consideration at all."

"Now, Uncle Marc, please don't tease."

"She wants something enormous," said the old gentleman, addressing the walls. "Whenever I am Uncle Marc, I know what to expect next."

But just then the kindly man detected signs of trouble in Millie's face; and the jesting voice was turned at once to one of tender gravity.

"What is it, my child?"

"Cyril Ormsby came to see me last evening, and he will come here to-day; but I wanted to see you first. He wants me to be his wife, Uncle Marc, and"—she hesitated here—"you do not like him!"

"Who told you that?"

"No one; but I see it for myself."

"Well, you are right. I do not like him. But my like or dislike has no control over you."

"No control!" Millie's voice was piteous. "Please don't talk so. I come to you as I would have gone to my father."

"There, dear, I was wrong. Tell me, then, as you would have told your father, do you love Mr. Ormsby?"

"I think he is the noblest man I ever knew. If you could see him with some of my poor people, how gentle and courteous he is, you would like him too. He has given me so much sympathy in my work, Uncle Marc, feeling, as I do, that the possession of great wealth is but a stewardship."

"And so won your love?"

"My respect and admiration, uncle. I cannot yet realise that a man so noble and so good can really desire my com-

companionship and help in his life. But, since he does, I am glad and proud to have won his confidence."

"Hem—yes! Enthusiastic, but heartwhole," was Mr. Wilkinson's mental comment. "Suppose you and I go for a walk?" he added, aloud.

"A walk?" Millie said, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes. I have a friend or two I should like to have you see. When we come back I will tell you why I dislike Cyril Ormsby, if," he added, mentally, "you have not already found out."

It was not exactly such a walk as one would have mapped out for a gentleman's invitation to a young, beautiful girl; but Millie followed its course, leaning upon her guardian's arm, wondering a little, but never hesitating, past the respectable portion of the city, to a quarter known as the "Factory Row," a place where Mr. Wilkinson had never before allowed his ward to go. For there were apt to be fevers and contagious diseases lurking there. It lay low, and was unhealthy, and the houses were of the meanest description.

"For a noble philanthropist, partly owning these factories and this quarter, Mr. Ormsby seems neglectful," said Mr. Wilkinson, drily. "I have an interest in the factories, as you are aware, but do not own one of these wretched houses. They are all Cyril Ormsby's."

"But," Millie said, eagerly, "these people will not let him benefit them. They use his charity for drink; they abuse any privilege he gives them, till he is discouraged in his efforts to do them any good."

"Oh! step in here!"

It was a poor place, scantily furnished, and cheerless. Upon a cot-bed a woman lay, in the last stages of consumption. She looked up eagerly to Mr. Wilkinson.

"I hope you are better," he said, kindly.

"No; I shall never be better. If I may only die in peace, it is all I ask."

"Mr. Ormsby will not disturb you now?"

"Jennie has gone to him. Yesterday he sent word that if the rent was not ready to-day at twelve, out we must

go. I've paid it regularly for five years, but he don't think of that. All Jennie's made the last month she has had to pay for fire and food. She's but fifteen, and her pay is small."

"What do you owe Cyril Ormsby?"

"Thirty shillings."

"And if he is not paid to-day, he will put you out in the streets to die?"

"He says the workhouse is the place for paupers."

"At this moment, a slim, pale girl of fifteen came in, crying bitterly.

"Mr. Wilkinson was out," she began; and then seeing her visitors, she cried, eagerly, "Oh, Mr. Wilkinson, you will not let mother be put in the street? I'll pay every penny, sir, if only you will wait till she is better, and I can get my full time for work."

"Have you seen Mr. Ormsby to-day, Jennie?" the old gentleman asked.

"Yes, sir. He said he had no time to hear my whining. The agent will be here at twelve, and if the money is not paid, he will put us out."

"May I?" whispered Millie.

"Just as you please, my dear. Perhaps this dying woman or her child will drink up your charity."

"Hush, hush!"

So tenderly, so delicately Millie gave her charity, that there was only deepest gratitude awakened, without the galling sense of obligation. She left more than sufficient for comfort for some weeks, and promised to send delicacies for the invalid.

No word of herself passed her lips until they were once more in the narrow street.

"Oh, Uncle Marc," she said, "can it be true he is so hard, so false to me?"

"Wait," was the brief reply.

They went into the wide courtyard in whose space stood the four great factories, the joint property of Marcus Wilkinson and Cyril Ormsby, long before divided by the entirely opposite management of these two into two distinct departments—one entirely under the control of the elder, the other of the younger man.

"Wilkinson's absurd soft-heartedness," as Cyril mentally characterised it, had made this division absolutely necessary.

But it was not into his own kindly-governed, well ordered departments that Marcus Wilkinson led his ward. He turned into a small room, where a pale man was busily writing, and at the same time overlooking a long room, where about seventy girls were at work before busily-whirling machinery.

"Good morning, Watkins," the old gentleman said. "I was in hopes you were taking a holiday."

"Thank you, sir," was the reply, in a dejected tone, "I can't well quit work, sir. There's the wife and six little ones, you see."

"Have you told Mr. Ormsby the doctor says that your life depends upon a few weeks' rest and pure air?"

"Yes, sir. He's not keeping me; but he says if I go he must fill my place—and that means starvation for my family. I could never get another situation, as feeble as I am now."

"How long have you been here, Mr. Watkins?"

"Seventeen years, sir. I was with old Mr. Ormsby before you came, sir."

"A faithful servant seventeen years!" said Mr. Wilkinson, in a low tone; "and a few weeks' rest may save his life."

At this moment Millie shrank a little nearer her guardian. Through the window from which Mr. Watkins overlooked the loom-room, she could see Cyril Ormsby walking briskly about, his voice harsh and imperative, finding fault here and there, and keenly scrutinising every item of the work. Not a face in the long room was brightened by the presence of the master. Fingers worked more rapidly, eyes were fastened persistently upon the looms, and every one seemed aware of the stern task-master's gaze. But Mr. Wilkinson obeyed the mute petition expressed in the looks of his ward, and led Millie out into the wide passages again, to another work-room.

It were too tedious a task to follow every step of these two as they passed from room to room, everywhere meeting some assurance of Mr. Wilkinson's own hold upon the hearts of the "hands," and their terror of Cyril Ormsby's harshness.

Out again amongst the grand homes,

where her guardian had no control, but bestowed his kindly charity without ostentation; and here, more eloquently than ever, Millie heard how cruel a mockery were all the schemes of charity and philanthropy that had been poured into her ears. It needed no spoken words from her guardian to tell her that the noble words uttered to win her were those of hypocrisy, which knew how it could best plead its cause with her.

One and another, turning to Mr. Wilkinson as to a friend, unaware of the torture of their words to the kindly lady beside him, told of cruel exactions of work in sickness and trouble, of closest calculation of time, of small wages and heavy rents.

"If we won't live here and pay, we get no work in the factories!" one said, when asked why he did not seek a more healthy quarter.

"I am doing overtime to pay for my child's funeral," one said, "for I lost the wages for three days. I stayed by to see her die and to bury her."

"I am uneasy about the rent," another said, "for I lost a week by a fall on the ice, and it's hard making it up again."

Not one word of kindly sympathy or help, in trouble or sickness. The "hands" under Cyril Ormsby were simply human machines to do so much work, sick or well, or pay the price of an hour or day of idleness, no matter how necessary.

There was no word spoken as Mr. Wilkinson and Millie walked to the office again. Once there, the old gentleman spoke very gravely. "As your guardian, Millie, I can speak to you no word against Cyril Ormsby. He is a rich man, of good social position, of irreproachable moral reputation, and a man whose standing in business circles is of the highest. A man who is a good match in every worldly sense. So much for your guardian. As your friend, my pearl, who loves you as your own dead father might have loved you, who knows every noble impulse of your pure soul—as that friend, I tell you I had rather see you lying beside your mother than the broken-hearted wife of such a man as Cyril Ormsby."

"I came to you as a friend, as almost father," said Millie, "and I thank you for keeping me from life-long misery. To know my husband such a man as I now know Cyril Ormsby to be, would, as you say, break my heart."

"I would not tell you," said her guardian, "for you knew I disliked him, and might have thought that dislike prejudiced me. But Millie, tell me you will not let this day's work shadow your life. You did not love Cyril, Millie?"

"No, I revered what I believed a noble, generous nature. That reverence a mockery, I shall never break my heart for a man I thoroughly despise, Uncle Marc."

And so it happened that Cyril Ormsby, coming to claim the fortune he believed within his grasp, met only Mr. Wilkinson, with Millie's polite but distinct refusal to resign herself or her fortune to his keeping.

But he never knew how it was that Millie learned the true value of his hollow words of charity and philanthropy.

PRAISE.

Praise from the heavens' eternal blue
Ye lights celestial bring;
All that is lovely, bright, and true
Jehovah's praises sing.

Praise from the fertile, dewy meads,
The hills with forests crowned,
The valleys where the cattle feeds,
For there His works abound.

Praise from the ocean's boundless deep,
The ever-sounding sea;
Anon its raging billows sleep,
Like infant purity:

Anon they rise, and dash and foam,
And toss the foundering barque,
And fright the sailor called to roam
Thro' tempests wild and dark.

Praise from the songsters of the grove
Rises in ceaseless hymns;
Praise from the sun in heaven above
Shines in eternal beams.

But most may we who feel his love
Hymn our Creator's praise,
For 'tis in him we live and move,
Let his be all our days.

E. G. H.

EXPERIENCING RELIGION.

"I DON'T know how. I hear men and women rise up in meetings and talk about having experienced religion, and I've tried to feel as they said they had felt, but I never could. I'm afraid I shall go to my grave and not know what it is."

The man was honest in his wishes, honest in his acknowledgment—and evidently greatly troubled. Experiencing religion was a mystery to him. Is he alone? Is it not a mystery to many?

We said to him:—"Is there a poor widow in your town needing assistance?"

"Yes. Was there ever a town that hadn't its poor widow?"

"Visit her. See what she really needs. Supply those needs. Do it quietly—so quietly that no one will know aught of the good deed. You will, for once, experience religion."

"But"—

"Yes, we know what you would say. There is nothing that savours of the mystical about this. But, friend, try it once. Try, moreover, speaking the truth always in tenderness; dealing honestly with your fellows; helping people in their troubles; visiting them in their afflictions; rejoicing with them in their festivities; finishing up your work early Saturday nights and taking the whole of Sunday for rest and worship; remembering the heart-wants of your families, those little tendernesses of voice and ways which are so often forgotten; keeping back the bad words that sometimes rush to your lips, and keeping down the cruel feelings that sometimes rush up from your heart. Try, for one day, for one hour only, to do your best, to be your best—to live out your birthright—for by right you are a child of Infinite Goodness—and you will experience religion. And as time passes on and you rid yourself of the faithlessness to duty that has dwarfed your spirit, that spirit will soon grow so near your conceptions of goodness that it will be sublimated—it will rise to heights you do not dream of now—life will take on such new, fresh, fair aspects that you will walk the earth

as if it were the olden Eden. Bind your spirit to goodness, girdle your life with love, and you will, you cannot help it—experience religion.”

THE NEW DOCTRINE.

ONE of our ministers, who for some months has been lecturing on the great controversy now stirring the pulses of all the Churches—we mean the doctrine of endless punishment, and the probable final restoration of all men, and women, too, to holiness and happiness—says, that in the discussions he has held at different places, he found that the principle of *selfishness* in many cases was the chief obstacle to the adoption of the new and better views. For the present we are not disposed to argue against the selfish principle, but rather quote the following from an American paper, which is, no doubt, a picture drawn from life:—

There's come a sing'lar doctrine, Sue,

Into our Church to-day;

These cur'us words are what the new

Young preacher had to say:

That literal, everlastin' fire,

Was mostly in our eye;

That sinners dead, if they desire,

Can get another try.

He doubted if a warmer clime

Than this world could be proved—

The little snip! I fear some time

He'll get his doubts removed.

Just think! Suppose, when once I view

The heaven I've toiled to win,

A lot of unsaved sinners, too,

Comes walkin' grandly in!

An' acts to home—same as if they

Had read their titles clear,

An' looks at me, as if to say,

“We're glad to see you here!”

As if to say, “While you have b'ien

So fast to toe the mark,

We waited till it rained, an' then

Got tickets for the ark!”

I've watched my duty, straight an' true,

An' tried to do it well;

Part of the time kept heaven in view,

An' part steered clear o' hell;

An' now half of this work is nought

If I must list to him,

An' this 'ere devil I have fought

Was only just a whim.

Vain are the dangers I have braved,

The sacrifice they cost—

For what fun is it to be saved

If no one else is lost?

SELF-SACRIFICE.

WE often hear the self-sacrifice of Christ spoken of by ministers and laymen. What is meant by this expression? In using it so freely as we do, is there not danger of leaving incorrect impressions on some mind in search of truth? The word sacrifice coming as it does from Hebrew customs, has an air of slaughter about it. We associate it with the altar where the beasts of the field and birds of the air were burned up bodily.

The church, borrowing from the Hebrew figure, has taught the idea of vicarious sacrifice. Christ the Saviour slain for our sins, in our stead.

In dissent from this notion, we advance the idea of self-sacrifice, meaning that Christ was willing to do and suffer, and not that he was taken as a substitute by the Father. We need to define our meaning when we say the life of Christ was one perpetual self-sacrifice. Is life necessarily a self-sacrifice to that man who spends it in good works? If the old notion is true that there is pleasure in sin while the way of righteousness is a thorny way and full of crosses, we can understand that he who flees the evil and does the good gives up something which he might otherwise enjoy. But who now believes and preaches anything so absurd? In churches, not called liberal, the way of truth is now portrayed as one of great happiness and peace.

We believe that “great peace have they who love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.”

Why do we speak of Christ's life as one of self-sacrifice at all? What did he give up that was not returned to him an hundred fold? Was it any sacrifice on his part to say to temptation, “get thee behind me, Satan?” Suppose he had yielded to the clamour and taken the place of King of the Jews? Is there any joy in that kind of kingly rule which is greater than that which comes to him who rules himself? Any crown so fine and fair as the one which falls on his forehead who endures temptation, turning it aside as the shield of the old warrior

turns aside the sharp weapon? You remember St. James speaks of victory over temptation as the crowning glory of life. Surely there was no sacrifice here.

In going about doing good—was there any self-sacrifice here? What does he himself say about it? "I have meat to eat which ye know not of. It is my meat and my drink to do the will of him that sent me and to finish his work." Could stronger language have been used to express the satisfaction, the perpetual peace of his life—a life keyed and set to divine music? Christ was not unhappy. He did not walk through a sea of impenetrable darkness. The law of the universe was not abrogated in his case. The path of the just has been from the beginning and will be to the end of time as a light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

I believe he knew through his keen sympathies the depths of all human suffering, but he was not therefore unhappy. A prophet he was, and by his own inherent and sustaining power, he knew that the race would be delivered from all this evil state into glorious liberty.

When we sit down by our own firesides in the circle of those whom we love, the thought may come to us with mournful pathos, "the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." Home is such a blessed spot, and we love it tenderly and cherish it in our hearts as a sacred shrine. But in the next moment we remember that he dwelt among friends. In imagination we see him in that house in Bethany where there was large hospitality, and fellowship of the spirit as well, where Martha served, and Mary sat at his feet. That was a wayside rest amid all the weariness of travel, a Bethel where he met response of sympathy from the divinely illuminated human soul.

He was a welcome guest in other homes. We all remember the touching scene in the house of Simon the Pharisee. Could the bare possession of an earthly home give to any soul such fulness of satisfaction as must come to one having the power to say "thy sins be forgiven thee?"

Then there is another thought. Jesus was a traveller—a missionary in a foreign land. He did not come into our world to settle as a farmer or merchant. He came to do the work of his Father, to bear the message of good tidings, and then go home. And while in a sense all places were his home, there is meaning in the thought that his mansion in the Father's house was beyond life's little dark. And so I think there was no self-sacrifice in giving up the joys of home to one who was heir of all things.

When we come to the closing scene, the trial—the Gethsemane—the cross, how did he bear these? Was there to him any sense of loss, of giving up a possible joy for our sakes? Ah no. "For the joy set before him he endured the cross, despising the shame." At his prayer the Father would send legions of angels, to strengthen and to bless. And while we must realise that his death was one of intensest agony, the darkness, the forsaking were brief, and the glory, the great joy that broke upon his immortal vision something which no touch of time could ever profane or make less satisfying.

Now when we think of the self-sacrifice of Christ let us try to find by our own experience something of its meaning. Is it a loss or a gain to your soul when you carry bread to someone in need? Is it a loss or a gain to your soul when you speak a helpful or tender word? Is it a loss or a gain to your soul when you lay aside even some plan for personal enjoyment that you may be a minister of mercy? Is it a loss or a gain to your soul when you rise superior to temptation?

There is but one answer. We grow in grace by all these services, and if in grace in happiness as well. I do not like to hear of the Christian life as one of self-sacrifice and crosses. Self is not sacrificed, but trained, ennobled, enriched by every Christian service, and the cross when it falls upon us is not a burden but an occasion of glory.

There is no dark and thorny way but the way of disobedience and sin. Not that the obedient child escapes earthly misfortunes and the sickness and death which lie in the experience of every

mortal. He does not *escape* these, he has sources of strength by which to endure them with heroic calmness. Like the Master, he for the joy set before him endures the cross, despising the shame. But in the profession and work of the Christian, self-sacrifice and crosses are not the experience. If in the true and loyal spirit we follow Christ, it will be our meat and drink to do the Father's will.

Let the old church hang out its gloomy spectre if it will. To us who believe in the universal Father, God, in the universal Saviour, Christ, there comes great and abiding joy, which we should strive to make manifest in the cheerfulness of our lives and the perfect trust of every spoken manifestation of the inward thought. And when we think of Christ giving his life to our service let us remember that it was a loving and willing service—his meat and his drink.

MRS. J. L. PATTERSON.

CHILDREN'S ETIQUETTE.

ALWAYS say "Yes, sir," "No, sir," "Yes, papa," "No, papa," "Thank you," "Good night," "Good morning." Use no slang words.

Clean faces, clean clothes, clean shoes, and clean finger-nails indicate good breeding. Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Rap before entering a room, and never leave it with your back to the company.

Always offer your seat to a lady or old gentleman.

Never put your foot on cushions, chairs, or tables.

Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor read or talk aloud while others are reading.

Never talk or whisper at meetings or public places, and especially in a private room where any one is singing or playing the piano.

Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame, mimic the unfortunate, nor be cruel to insects, birds, or animals.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

[A rich man who had no children proposed to his poor neighbour, who had seven, to take one of them, and promised, if the parents would consent, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and their other six children comfortable for life.]

WHICH shall it be? Which shall it be? I looked at John, John looked at me; And when I found that I must speak My voice seemed strangely low and weak; "Tell me again what Robert said;" And then I, listening, bent my head.

This is his letter.

"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given."
I looked at John's old garments, worn!
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share.
I thought of seven young mouths to feed
Of seven little children's need,

And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped
Where Lilian, the baby, slept.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her."

We stooped beside the trundle bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair.
I saw on James's rough, red cheek,
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him, as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns not him!"
John whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son—
Turbulent, restless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he;
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To take him from our bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in a wilful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
 Trusty and faithful, good and glad—
 So like his father. "No, John, no!
 I cannot, will not, let him go."
 And so we wrote, in courteous way,
 We would not give one child away.
 And afterward toil lighter seemed,
 Thinking of that of which we dreamed,
 Happy in truth that not one face
 Was missed from its accustomed place;
 Thankful to work for all the seven,
 Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS IN RUSSIA.

IN the year 1745, a young German girl was keeping a diary of her daily experiences in the wondrous old city of Moscow, the ancient capital of the Russian empire. This child, sixteen years of age, was surrounded by countless disadvantages, fettered by a thousand restraints; she had relinquished the religion in which she had been brought up, and had professed another; she had parted with her baptismal name, and was no longer Sophia, but Catherine; she had come into the country to become the wife of a boy of seventeen, "weak, ugly, little, and sickly," so her journal describes him, at this moment rendered still more unlovely by the disfigurement attending a severe attack of small-pox; she was portionless, and almost penniless. "If I had three or four dresses in the world, it was the very outside," she says; her future husband rarely took the trouble to talk with her, and when he did, could find no better way of making himself agreeable than by pointing out to her this or that young Russian girl whom he would much rather have married, if he could have had his own way. "My heart predicts but little happiness," she writes, "ambition alone sustains me. In my inmost soul there is something which leads me never to doubt, for a single moment, that sooner or later I shall become sovereign Empress of Russia in my own right."

Seventeen weary and disastrous years went by before that prophecy was fulfilled, but its fulfilment came at last. Peter III. lay dead by the hand of assassins in the Palace of Ropscha, while the eager crowd hailed with delight the widow—perhaps the murderess—by the title of Catherine II.,

Empress of Russia. The Assembly, convened shortly after to frame a code of laws, desired to bestow upon her these titles:—"Great, Wise, Prudent, and Mother of the Country."

This was the woman—whose name is black with every vice that can disgrace her sex—to whom, after all, Russia owes her first girls' schools—her very first suggestion that there was anything in the mind of woman capable of and responsive to something which may be called intellectual training.

In itself it was no very great affair, this school for girls, founded in 1764 in St. Petersburg, but as an initiative, it was of priceless value. It admitted five hundred young girls, half of the middle class, half belonging to the nobility. They entered the school at six years of age, and left it at eighteen, having no vacations, and, so far as possible, being separated entirely from home influences during this long period. The directress, a French lady, had under her orders eight inspectresses and forty teachers. The pupils were received gratuitously, and, still further, became entitled on leaving school to a present from the Empress, by way of dowry, of 2000 roubles for the young girls of noble family, 100 roubles for the daughters of the *bourgeoisie*. They had, likewise, the privilege of wearing the cipher of the Empress, in gold, all their lives.

It was but a small and quaint beginning, this first step, which opened the eyes of the Russian people to the importance of educating daughters as well as sons. Meanwhile the stormy course of Russian public affairs held on its way. In 1796, the reign of Catherine ended. Her son, Paul I., a Caracalla of the north, succeeded her. In 1801 he was assassinated; his widow, a German, like her predecessor, carried out Catherine's ideas in regard to education. She devoted herself during her life to the care of schools and hospitals, and left her immense private fortune as a fund for these objects. The sums of money to be received and expended were so large that a special bureau was established for their management, known as "the Department of the Empress Maria Feodorovna."

The reign of the Emperor Nicholas was not marked by any advance in respect to the education of girls. In 1855, the Emperor Alexander II. came to the throne, and again a woman's hand opens the door for her sex. A certain fault had marked the institutions of the Empress Maria Feodorovna; they were founded only for the daughters of the aristocracy. For example, in six out of the seven great schools for girls then existing in St. Petersburg, no young girl whose father was of lower rank than a lieutenant-colonel or titular councillor of State could be admitted on any terms, and the Imperial scholarships were reserved for daughters of ladies bearing the rank of Chevalier of the Order of St. Elizabeth.

The Institute Paul was the most democratic. A merchant or tradesman not paying the capitation tax might send his daughter, but the free peasant or farmer, however well-to-do, or even rich, was inexorably denied. At the same time, the twenty-five great schools founded by this empress throughout the empire, are a lasting monument to her.

No sooner were the first preliminaries arranged of the new reign, than the Empress Maria-Alexandrovna summoned to her aid the most distinguished Russian "educators"—to use a somewhat awkward expression, which, however, seems to be the only word available—and took counsel with them how to accomplish for the *bourgeoisie* what Maria Feodorovna had done for the children of the nobility. Information was sought in Germany and Switzerland concerning the best methods of instruction; many modern ideas made their *débüt* in Russia; above all, the new institutions were to be *gymnasias*, that is to say, day-schools, whereas all those of earlier date were boarding-schools, most exclusive of their kind, destined as far as possible to cut the young girl off entirely from all home life during the ten or twelve years she remained at school.

The result of the Empress' endeavours may be thus summed up: there are now many of these great day-schools in St. Petersburg, and throughout the whole empire the education of the Russian girls is being cared for.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MRS. S. M. C. PERKINS.

THE science of the beautiful is called æsthetics. But how can beauty be defined, when philosophers so much disagree in regard to it? Some scholars tell us, with all gravity, that beauty is only an emotion of the mind; that, were it in the object instead of in the beholder, then all persons would be equally affected in gazing upon the same thing. This view is taken by Emerson—judging from a very interesting paper of his which I read several years ago. In it he mentions that the little Swiss peasant and the Greenland's child think their country the most charming in the world, not dreaming that the beauty is only in their own childish minds, instead of their uninviting surroundings.

But do not even "Greenland's icy mountains" have an awful grandeur and beauty? and does not the tourist go far to behold the scenery that renders the Swiss peasant so happy? Is there no real beauty in the gorgeous sunset which fills us with so much pleasure? Is it wholly an emotion of the mind? Those golden clouds that seem to us as if the gates of heaven were left ajar, and streams of celestial radiance were flooding the earth—is there no real beauty there?

Another class of philosophers make beauty consist in utility—if a thing is not useful, there is no beauty. To this class there belongs an innumerable company who never looked into a book that treated of Mental Science. If a beautiful lady is mentioned, they ask if she can cook well and daintily. As if to eat good meals were the sole object of existence! To this class belonged a certain neighbour of mine, who said that the prettiest flowers she ever saw was a potato patch in full blossom; also a little girl whom I once knew, who was presented with a little toy dumb watch. She took it, looked at it on both sides, held it to her ear, then to her mouth, and then gave it back in disgust, saying, "Take it back—I don't want it! It won't tick, and I cannot eat it, and it is not pretty at all!"

But if this theory were correct, then the most useful things would be the

most beautiful; and this is far from correct. Burke, in writing upon this, says that a swine's snout is one of the most useful things in the world, so well adapted to rooting and grubbing, but by no means beautiful. A three-legged stool is extremely useful to the milkman, but where is its beauty?

But we should never de-grade beauty by bringing it down to the plane of utility. In the language of Mrs. Childs, we can never "bottle up the glorious sunlight and sell it at retail, or issue dividends of the ocean and the breeze." We should love beauty for its own sake. The glorious sunset is of no earthly use to us, otherwise than that mere beauty and pleasure are in themselves of use. We love it for the joy it gives us to behold it. There it is, constantly changing; we cannot reach it, have no wish to appropriate it, and we would pity the person who would suggest the idea of its utility, otherwise than the refining influence that the beautiful ever has upon the mind. Beauty can never be appropriated. We may appropriate the picture, the statue, the flowers, but not their beauty. That belongs to every one who gazes upon them; and it is a merciful provision of the wise Father that this is the case. His greatest blessings are as free to the peasant as to the great and powerful. The philosopher Jouffroy has wisely observed that the possession of the beautiful never fully satisfies. "The beauty is ideal, and cannot be possessed. It is an ethereal spirit that floats away as a silver cloud, ever near, yet ever beyond your grasp. It is a bow spanning the blue arch, many-coloured, wonderful; yonder, just yonder is its haze, where the rosy light seems to hover over the wood, and touch gently the earth; but you cannot, by any flight or speed of travel, come up with it. It is here, there, everywhere, except where you are. It is given you to behold, not to possess."

Novelty heightens beauty. In order to fully appreciate mountain scenery, one should not always dwell among the mountains. Those who dwell constantly by the ocean, see little beauty in the unmeaning waves breaking ceaselessly upon the shore.

To a certain extent, there is a uniformity of opinion in regard to the beautiful. The pictures of the old masters are to us what they were to the ancients—the perfection of the beautiful. Our artists and travellers go far to study them, and say that they are unequalled. Raphael's great works are still the wonder and admiration of men, and will be in centuries to come. Making due allowance for habits of thought, mental culture, native sensibility, we shall find persons affected in the same way by the beautiful in nature or art.

But where shall we look for the highest types of beauty? Is it not where an immortal soul looks from or through the material veil, and speaks to us in words of wisdom and cheerfulness? The features are plain, it may be, but if the light of genius, or the glow of sympathy, or a noble heart play upon them, they are brilliant with a regal beauty. But in man is mingled much that is sinful, and therefore deformed and ugly. His excellences are all mingled with imperfections. Hence we love to think of beings superior to him—those who walk with unsoiled feet upon the immortal shores where beauty never fades, and the most brilliant imagination has never conceived the glories of the place. But while we tread the dusty highways of human life, mingled as it is with so much discord and misery, let us be duly grateful for our beautiful world; for the flowers that blossom around our homes, the voices of singing birds, the musical laughter of childhood, the pleasant sunshine, and all other sights and sounds of loveliness; for the lovely lives of great and good men, and more especially for that life that revealed the Father, in whom dwelt the perfection of beauty and of holiness.

A RECEPTIVE HEART.

WHAT we shall possess
The gods decree:
What we shall deserve
Our choice may be.

Better than the best
They hold, or give,
Is a constant heart
Fit to receive.

A PLEA FOR FUN.

YES! there is, or should be, a time for fun: certainly with the children; and it would be wise for the older members of the family to join and have a regular time of it. You ask about what? Oh! anything, or nothing in particular. Just be jolly to show your sympathy with the young life around you, which naturally overflows with merriment.

Parents are not *glad* enough. The cares of life weigh down the spirits, and the little ones are robbed of their rightful flow of fun. "No fooling!" Instantly two little hands are pressed over the rosy mouth of the youngest pet. The older sister reddens in her endeavour to suppress the laugh, and the boy fairly swells, his whole countenance bubbling out the merriment that cannot be controlled. One more stern command, "Stop fooling!" and the children are quiet.

Perhaps it is at the dinner-table, and "fooling" is ruled out of order. At another time some duty to be performed is made an excuse for curbing the natural tendency to mirth. After continued restraint, the laugh never rings out clear and hearty. Sometimes an indifferent or surly manner is assumed, quite unnatural to childhood.

I wish grown up children better realised the good results of indulging in an occasional laugh, particularly at table. I believe it takes off half the weight of care. It should be the duty of mothers to encourage a more cheerful spirit, not for ever urging "quiet;" for the quiet child is not usually a healthy child.

To be sure, there are times when mirth must be checked altogether. When sickness or sorrow enters the household, the hushed whisper and muffled step of an older member of the family is sufficient to awe the noisy children into silence (unless silence has been enjoined under every pretext.) Also at church, and even at day-school, sufficient restraint is put upon the restless ones to enforce order. But at home, on ordinary occasions, every child should be free to laugh the hours away; for much too soon come cares which take away the disposition to be gay,

and which make many people uninteresting machines.

In company, do we not try to laugh, even at the slightest attempts at jokes, and on the following day use the "Stop that fooling!" to gain quiet for our disturbed nerves? Do let us, especially in unpleasant weather, give the children a cheerful spot somewhere about the house—say for an hour every day after dinner—and go there ourselves if we add to their merriment. I doubt not that the memory of these hours will be among the happiest of after life.

The advice of the priest in "Merry Mike" is very good:—

"Let him laugh," said the priest;

"He will change by-and-by."

It is better to laugh than to grumble and cry.

It's the way with the lad;

Let him laugh if he like;

And be glad you've a son that's as merry as Mike."

I once knew of a little fellow who was very shy of company, yet told by his mother "not to cry." He learned to laugh because he *must do something* to cover the ache. It was a silly, nervous little laugh. His mother patted him on the head, and they understood each other. As he grew bigger he was sent to school. The mother did not see the teacher, as she should have done, to explain the boy's baby ways; but he was placed with other boys who dearly loved to tease him. Consequently the little laugh came out; and, what aggravated the case, he could not tell what amused him. So he was punished; a little at first, and then more severely. What teacher could guess that the laugh was a way the child had of trying to cover pain, and acute pain, too? His days at school were torture to his sensitive nature. His life was short. That winter diphtheria was prevalent in the neighbourhood; and one of the many little ones who went out of their homes never to return was our little hero.

A friend told me of a father who was nearly broken-hearted by the death of his household pet, an only son. He comforted himself by saying to my friend:—"I made the little fellow as happy as possible while he was on earth."

I often think the most natural laugh comes from the children who are "judiciously let alone," to quote a phrase from Dr. Bellows. Certainly, whatever conduces to the best growth and development of our children is worthy our most earnest attention. Many fond parents are spending thought and time in accumulating property, that their children may be well provided for after they shall have gone hence, who forget that time may also be well spent in making the home-life glad through the passing days, so leaving an inheritance of blessed memories more precious than gold.—*Christian Register*.

HARD WORK.

"WHAT is your secret?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work." Says Dr. Arnold: "The difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in energy."

"Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied well-directed labour, and nothing is to be attained without it." "Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can now be attained by the labour of a lifetime; but it is not to be purchased at a less price." "There is but one method," said Sydney Smith, "and that is hard labour; and a man who will not pay that price for distinction had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of a fox."

"Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far." "Nothing," says Mirabeau, "is impossible to a man who can and will. This is the only law of success." "Have you ever entered a cottage, or travelled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in a field, or loitered with a mechanic at the loom," asked Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "without finding that each of these men had a talent you have not—knew something you did not?" The most useless creature that yawned at a club, or idled in rags under the suns of Calabria, has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is not talent, but purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labour.

LOVE.

LOVE never faileth. It is the first fruit of the Spirit; it is also the end of the Commandment; the whole law is fulfilled in Love. The word Charity, by which in some parts of our English version *love* is translated, by no means gives the force of the original term. In the minds of many persons now-a-days, charity is associated with the act of giving to distressed objects, and with that alone. Thus we have charity houses and schools, and we speak of charitable deeds; but love is a principle—perhaps the highest of any; the noblest, the purest, the all comprehensive. Love is the perfection of the Divine character, for God is love, and we are exhorted to be perfect, as our Father in Heaven is perfect. Love comes down to us from the eternal throne. It comes to dwell with us in this lower state, and it accompanies us back to the mansions in the father's house as a pledge of his continual presence with his children. He that truly loves cannot sin, for genuine, ardent love for the brethren must prevent not only the doing but the wishing them an injury. Wars and fightings arise from the absence of love, and when all the human race shall have learned the Gospel lessons of goodwill towards men, then wars must cease, as will cease every private quarrel, every provocation to hatred and strife; the injurious blow with the murderous weapon will be unknown. There will be no bitter feuds nor contentions as to who shall be greatest, nor jealousies among nations; but the beautiful time will have arrived when Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim. Love will make fraud impossible, for it will teach to owe no man anything. It will bring the whole human race into one family, each of its members seeking his neighbour's good with his own, thus annihilating the selfish principle. With the extension of love must come the downfall of the many and the terrible social evils yet existing, whilst social inequalities, though these may continue, will not be the cause of invidious class distinctions, of bitter envy, and of burning dissensions. Under the sway of universal love men will

not sink into utter destitution, nor will wealth enervate and corrupt the possessor. True social equality—that of common rights and before the law—will be firmly, triumphantly established, for love will bound and encircle all. This will be the love which is the great fruit of human redemption, and by which we are called the Sons of God.

The Apostle's description of this—the greatest of the three—the crown and perfection of the whole—is, as we have seen, of the most truthful as well as the most glowing kind. It is conveyed to us unsurpassed for eloquence and sweetness. How delightful, how soul-animating is the catalogue of the excellences of this queen of the Christian graces. Love, in particular, suffers long, and is kind. It bears the burdens of those around who are toiling under their load—are, perchance, fretful, impatient, whose tempers are chafed, whose minds are but too apt to utter sharp things through the tongue. A hasty or a sullen temper aggravates every personal evil, but love steps in—soothes, consoles, suggests reasons for submission, or that some comforts remain; or it bears meekly, and often without reply, injurious words that would otherwise deeply wound, would rankle and fester, and cause an irreparable breach. Love remembers that common life is made up of common things; those which, nevertheless, frequently arise very unexpectedly, but which, coming unlooked for, call for the exercise of candour, of forbearance, of consideration kind and merciful, of the situation of others and of their feelings. We are placed in various relations with each other, but each in itself of high importance, and for the good of the whole; family relations so many and all so dear—the master and the servant, the buyer and the seller, the magistrate and the subject, the fellow townsman, the fellow countryman. The duties from each to each, of every one of these, must be regulated by the Divine law of love to be fully discharged; and herein we perceive the value of a principle above minute regulations. The principle involves the whole, guides and confirms its exercise, and thus recommends itself to

every rightly constituted mind. But perhaps in private life the duty of forbearance is best seen in its application, and it calls for its exercise daily. Husbands and wives, bear and forbear—be “to each other's faults a little blind.” Parents, bear with your children; even with their faults do not harshly reprove, do not snub, do not sternly repress their gaiety, nor their inquiring spirits. Children, bear with your aged parents' infirmities. Friends, be at one with each other. That was an amiable trait in the Pythagorean society, that if at any time from human weakness one member had offended another, he sought reconciliation before the close of the day. So let not the sun go down on your wrath. We are tempted to quote here the words of the admirable Jeremy Taylor:—“It is no great matter to live lovingly with humble and meek persons, but he that can do so with the froward, with the peevish and perverse, he only hath true charity; always remembering that our solid, true peace, and peace of God, consists rather in complying with others than in being complied with; in suffering and forbearing, rather than in contention and victory.”

God is love. This glorious, and to our view, almost overwhelming fact, calls for a seraph's fire—an angel's tongue to celebrate. It transcends our utmost powers of expression. It was love that called us into being; it is love that yet supports our being, and gives us so many things richly to enjoy. Love, which keeps our eyes from tears, and our feet from falling, and love which has promised an eternity of bliss as the reward of well doing. Love sent the Lord Jesus into the world to seek and to save. Yes; God *so* loved the world as to send into it his well-beloved son, and we must try to return love for love. The endeavours may be faint and quite incommensurate with the demand, but if sincere they will be counted to us for righteousness, the will accepted for the deed. We must love Jesus for his love also to us, for his voluntary sufferings on the cross that we might be reconciled to the Father. The grace of God and the

love of Christ must constrain us to self-denial and to earnest exertions for the brethren that not one be finally lost; and thus our faith will burn with a purer flame, and our hope will be anchored on the Rock of Ages, and our love will be perfect, swallowing up fear, and we shall pray:—

“Each noble principle impart;
The faith that sanctifies the heart:
Hope that to Heaven’s high gate aspires,
And love that warms with holy fires.”

LIVING IN HEARTS.

It is better to live in hearts than houses. A change of circumstances or a disobliging landlord may turn one out of a house to which he has formed many attachments. Removing from place to place is with too many an unavoidable incident of life. But one cannot be expelled from a true and loving heart, save by his own fault, nor yet always by that, for affection clings tenaciously to its object in spite of ill-desert; but go where he will, his home remains in hearts which have learned to love him; the roots of affection are not torn out and destroyed by such removals, but they remain fixed deep in the heart, clinging still to the image, the object of which they are again to clasp. When one revisits the home of his childhood, or the place of his happy abode in his life’s spring time, pleasant as it is to survey each familiar spot, the house, the garden, the trees planted by himself, or by kindred now sleeping in the dust, there is in the firm grasp of the hand, in the glance of the eye, in the kind salutation, in the tender solicitude for the comfort and pleasure of his visit, a delight that no mere local object of nature or art, no beautiful cottage, or shady rill, or quiet grove can bestow. To be remembered, to be beloved, to live in hearts—that is one’s solace amid earthly changes—this is a joy above all pleasures of scene and place. We love this spiritual, home feeling—the union of hearts which death cannot destroy; for it augurs, if there be heart purity as well as heart affection, an unchanging and imperishable abode in hearts now dear.

TO A BABY.

TO A BABY DYING WHEN ONLY THREE WEEKS OLD.

DEAR baby girl,
That did’st unfurl
Thy first green leaf
In life as brief,
Then fade away
From earth, for aye!

Thou faded’st not from eyes of love,
But like a star in skies above,

Beyond the reach
Of kiss or speech,
Shedd’st hallowed light
In grief’s dark night.

We have no name
By which to claim
Thy kinship near,
In that high sphere,
For thou did’st pass
Too soon, alas!

But thou hadst heard the voice of love,
And seen love’s smile thy face above—

A language known
In every zone:
By love’s sole name
We thee will claim.

Why *camest* thou
To disavow
So suddenly—
So soon—the tie
With us and earth,
Formed by thy birth?

We gave thee welcome tender, sweet;
Our hearts had stored affection meet;

We marked the place
For thee to grace
At hearth and board,
’Mong those adored.

Why did’st thou *die*?
Life’s fount is dry
In withered age—
Where fevers rage—
Life’s hope is faint
Where lurks sin’s taint:

In thee life opened a fresh fount;
In thee life’s hope did higher mount;

In morn’s fresh light
Hope’s face is bright;
In earth’s fresh life
No taint is rife.

No spot of earth
Had sacred worth,
No love to Heaven
Was daily given,
Till to the grave
Thy smile we gave!

Thy dying hallowed even dust,
And laid on Heaven a solemn trust:

Us earth doth claim
In sorrow’s name;
Us Heaven hath owned—
By love atoned.

T. R. ELLIOTT.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—I was present, says a correspondent, when a girl (a machinist), hearing much talk of Cleopatra's Needle, remarked "That it would not be necessary to bring Cleopatra's Needle here now, as we have got sewing machines."

MASTER OF TWENTY-FIVE LANGUAGES.—People who over-value mere linguistic studies might find it profitable to ponder a remark of Douglas Jerrold, who "knew a man that could speak in five and twenty languages; and he never said anything worth hearing in any one of them."

PROFITABLE BUT NOT AGREEABLE.—Miss Cobbe tells of an elderly lady who was sent by her physician to Bath for her health, and had the curiosity to open and read the letter which was to introduce her to the doctor at Bath. It ran thus: "Keep the old fool for six weeks, and be sure to send her back to me in the end."

A QUESTION NOT ANSWERED.—A clergyman was preparing his sermon for Sunday, stopping occasionally to review what he had written and to erase that which he was disposed to disapprove, when he was accosted by his little son: "Father, does God tell you what to preach?" "Certainly, my child." "Then what makes you scratch it out?"

PERSIA'S VALENTINE'S DAY.—The Persians have a festival which seems to resemble very closely the ancient gallantry of Valentine's Day in Europe. It is termed the Mardgiran, and is celebrated in February in honour of the presiding angel, Isfendarmuz, who is regarded as the patron and guardian of the women. On this occasion, the fair sex are invested with singular privileges; numerous marriages are solemnised, and many engagements made, the angel being supposed to look favourably on the nuptials celebrated and the contracts formed during this gay festival.

A PARSON POSED.—A Methodist local preacher is said to have been once challenged by a parish clergyman in the following fashion:—"What warrant or authority or right have you to preach? Get down off that chair! You have no business there!" "Listen to me," said the man; "and I'll let thee see I have a better right than thou has. Tyek thee gown off, thou dorsest preach; tyek the byenk frev thee, thou cant preach; an' tyek the money frev thee, thou won't preach. Now aw preach for nowt, and wivoot the byenk, an' in only claes aw hev."

ANSWERED.—A friend, writing to us from Wales, says:—"Two young men travelling by train, and seeing the late Rev. W. Powell, of Cardiff, coming in, thought they would get a little fun out of him. So after the usual compliments they asked him if he had heard the news. "What news?" said the old gentleman. "The devil is dead." "The devil dead! When did he die?" "This morning." Upon this the old gentleman put his hand into his pocket, and taking out two half-pennies offered them one each. "What are these, Mr. Powell?" "A halfpenny each for you. I always like to give a little help to the fatherless."

LIMITS OF PAPAL JURISDICTION.—Cardinal Cervini having offended Michael Angelo, that famous artist painted the portrait of his eminence amongst the reprobated, in his magnificent picture of the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel. The Cardinal complained about this liberty to the Pope Leo X., a great patron of art and a man of wit and understanding. "I can do nothing for your eminence," said the Pope, "had the painter located you in purgatory, I could have drawn you thence, but he has placed you in the infernal regions and you know my power does not extend so far."

A BOARD OF HEALTH.—One night lately an old lady from the country slept in the house of a friend in town. Her bed happened to be a plain hard mattress, so much recommended as healthier to lie upon than a bed of down. Next morning the old lady was asked how she slept over night. "No' very well," was the reply, "for my auld banes are sair wi' that hard bed o' yours." "Oh, but Janet, do you know that all the great physicians say that it is healthier to sleep on beds as hard as a board?" replied the host. "Ou ay," said Jane; "an' I suppose that's what you toon bodies ca' Board o' Health."

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Communications to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 19, Mornington-road Bow-road, London, E.

Printed by GEORGE REVEIRS, (successor to SAMUEL TAYLOR), Graystone-place, Fetter-lane, London, and the trade supplied by EDWARD T. WHITEFIELD, 173, Strand, London.